

# Nothing gets by me--



trollcatz

 [trollcatz](#)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2007-12-05 20:54:00

MOOD:  calm

MUSIC: T. singing in the shower

At the gym tonight, my alert profiler reflexes were drawn by a spreading pool of silence in the usually crowded, cheerful, noisy top-rope area. Naturally--since I wasn't on belay--I at once turned to ascertain the source of the distraction.

She was about Chaz's age, wearing a striped tank top and jeans and Mad Rocks, going up the 5.11 with the double overhang with quiet skill. Did I mention that she was dark-haired, Caucasian, with the cutest little baby-dyke butch you ever did see and the best body. I have ever personally witnessed.

And I work with FBI agents.

I mean, glutes to die for. Ripped thighs. Shoulders like an anatomy drawing.

Chaz wandered over while I was trying to figure out how to sneak a cellphone shot for T., and said, "That's Cady. She used to come here a lot."

Sez I, a little wistfully: "When I can send that route, will my shoulders look like that?"

Sez Chaz: "Give it a year or two."

Sez me: "Oh, I wish."

Sez Chaz, nonchalantly, hooking his friction device to his harness: "How do you think I got the biceps? So, you gonna climb or what?"

I love my Platypus.



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law enforcement professional--

15 comments



 cvillette

December 6 2007, 05:23:03 UTC

COLLAPSE

Aww.

And your Platypus loves you.

(What did I do that was lovable? I'm so confused. Oh, right, not drop you on your head.)

Also, you're right. She really is that hot.



 trollcatz

December 6 2007, 15:18:15 UTC

COLLAPSE

You were just *you*. \*g\*

And what, don't you think not dropping people on their heads is loveable? It's very loveable! Try dropping people on their heads and see what kind of reaction you get. Not so good, let me tell you.

(I dropped someone on the way to the truck once. OMG. I was just a baby medic then.)

I gave T. a description. She said she's going to have to come to the gym to \*cough\* keep an eye on us (ahem). (Yeah, right. \*g\*)



 cvillette

December 6 2007, 16:22:52 UTC

COLLAPSE

OMG. Were they awake? Before and afterwards?

You know, when you put it that way about the head-dropping, I see what you mean.



 trollcatz

December 6 2007, 18:57:14 UTC

COLLAPSE

He was awake, and combative, and screaming really unpleasant names at me. (Also drunk. And bleeding all over everything in the park.) So his balance kept shifting, and I was kinda freaked, up at

the head end...and I lost my grip. Bang.

I stood there waiting for the skies to open and Strike Me Dead (because, you know, that's what happens, right?) Instead my partner said, "What are you doing?" So I picked him back up.

But as soon as I dropped the guy? He stopped yelling. And thrashing. And he didn't make one teeny tiny sound the whole rest of the way to the ER. He just looked at me with big, terrified eyes.

The whole rest of the station thought it was hysterical and gave me shit for weeks after.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 6 2007, 20:01:16 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

I can hear the nicknames in my head.

"Drop-kick Daphne?"

"Don't mess with her, man. She'll drop you on your head!"

Sometime I'll tell you about the time I pointed a loaded Glock at my firearms instructor's kneecap. 0.0 It's amazing they still let me handle firearms.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 6 2007, 20:33:30 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, so. And also, "Hey, if they give you any trouble, tell 'em you'll let Daphne carry 'em."

Y'know, I remember that fondly. That was pretty much, not when I stopped being the new kid, but when I turned into *their* New Kid. Jeez, that's dumb. They were a good crew.

Re the live ammo: OH HOLY CRAP! Gawd, I was so nervous of the damned thing they could hardly get me to point it ANYWHERE. Too much time spent gathering up the results, I guess (and not dropping them!). Was there an overwhelming burst of colorful language? Or are the instructors out at Q too Iceman for that?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 6 2007, 20:40:13 UTC](#)    [COLLAPSE](#)


I got a Stern Lecture.

In front of the entire training class.

Duncecap optional.

I suspect it's why I still don't like firearms very much. Associative conditioning. Guns = public humiliation.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 6 2007, 20:40:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Really, I'm lucky she didn't disarm me and then pistol-whip me with the damned thing, which is what I deserved.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:42:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

See, guys who have the sacred detail of b-guarding Leaders of the Free World never do stuff like that. I never, ever saw anybody who fit that description trip over the corner of a Persian rug with his finger IN THE TRIGGER GUARD and plough a honkin' big furrow down the polished wood floor of (insert room in INCREDIBLY WELL-KNOWN AND IMPORTANT BUILDING HERE) about 24 inches from the wingtips of the (insert REALLY IMPORTANT ASIAN NATION)ese trade minister.

Never. Nope. Not once.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:44:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

First time out is always kind of hard on the nerves, you know.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:47:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I feel... sort of better now.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:49:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, well, don't spread it around, is all. \*g\*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:52:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I was totally assuming that was a specific "his" and not a gender-neutral one. Like a good feminist boy with no regard for the English language.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 6 2007, 22:57:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

oh yah. totally. absolutely. I am only protecting the reputation of the Service and the Treasury Department when I ask you not to tell this story to anyone.

and do not try to google it cause you won't find it.



 [cvillette](#)

December 6 2007, 23:02:14 UTC

COLLAPSE

I didn't hear nothing from nobody.

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